

Series: Challenge of the Yukon (Sergeant Preston)
Show: Breakup (Episode 535)
Date: Jun 26 1948

ANNOUNCER:

The Challenge of the Yukon!

FX:

WIND and DOG BARKS (KING) through next lines.

ANNOUNCER:

It's King, swiftest and strongest lead dog of the North Country, blazing the trail for Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police in his relentless pursuit of law-breakers!

SGT. PRESTON:

On, King! On huskies!

FX:

DOG BARKS OUT, WIND continues

ANNOUNCER:

Gold! Gold! Discovered in the Yukon! A stampede to the Klondike in a greedy race for riches. Back to the days of the Gold Rush, with Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice bringing you the adventures of Sergeant Preston and his Wonder Dog, Yukon King, as they meet the Challenge of the Yukon!

FX:

MUSIC THEME INTO AD

NEWSBOY:

Extree! Extree! Extree! Hear all about it!

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, hear about how you fellas and girls can get a swell complete miniature model farm.

YOUNG GIRL:

It's the Quaker Model Farm!

ANNOUNCER:

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice, the swell tasting breakfast cereal shot from guns, are making an almost unbelievable offer.

NEWSBOY:

You can get 46 different detailed scale models in all. Including farm buildings, farm equipment, and farm animals.

ANNOUNCER:

They're yours at no extra cost.

YOUNG GIRL:

There's nothing to send in. No money, box tops or coupons.

ANNOUNCER:

No waiting either! Listen for full details in just a few minutes.

MUSIC:

THEME IN

FX:

WIND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

The long Yukon winter was nearly over. The snow was melting rapidly. And when Randy Clark, the Yukon Trading Company's crack driver started South with a sled-load of gold, he knew he would have to travel night and day to reach the company's headquarters in White Horse before the trail became impassable.

FX:

SLED DOGS BARKING in B/G, WIND BEGINS

On the first night out from Dawson, just after he'd passed Eagle Rock, a man stepped out on the trail ahead of him.

BRAD:

Hey there, Mister, hold up a minute.

ANNOUNCER:

The code of the Yukon made it impossible to pass the stranger by . But Randy checked his gun before he called out for the team to stop.

RANDY:

Ho, there boys, ho there, ho down!

FX:

DOGS OUT

BRAD:

Howdy, Mister. Gotta chance of ridin' with ya to the next way camp?

RANDY:

Not a chance in the world.

BRAD:

Hey, is that anyway to treat a traveler?

RANDY:

I got as much weight as the dogs can pull in this going. You must weigh nearly 250 pounds.

BRAD:

I'll pay you well.

RANDY:

Also, it's against the company rules. I just can't do it.

BRAD:

Okay, if that's the way you feel about it.

RANDY:

I'm sorry stranger.

ANNOUNCER:

Another man had detached himself from the shadow of Eagle Rock and had moved silently toward Randy. He was directly behind him as the young driver started to release his break. And then...

FX:

HIT OVER RANDY's HEAD

BRAD:

Nice work, Pierre.

PIERRE:

Heh, heh, time for congratulations will come later after we have finished this business.

BRAD:

It won't take long to get the sled from behind the rocks and switch the gold to it.

PIERRE:

You must be well on your way before this fellow wakes up.

BRAD:

I will be don't worry.

FX:

WIND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

It was nearly half-an-hour later when Randy opened his eyes.

RANDY:

(groaning, groggy)

ANNOUNCER:

He was lying on his sled and a fur robe had been pulled over him.

FX:

WIND BEGINS

RANDY:

(groggy) Oh, hey, hey, what happened?

PIERRE:

I do not know my, friend. I found you lying beside your sled. You have hit your

head.

RANDY:

You mean somebody hit it for me.

PIERRE:

Oh?

RANDY:

And they got the gold.

PIERRE:

You have been robbed?

RANDY:

I'll say I have. \$25,000 in dust.

PIERRE:

You carry so much?

RANDY:

I work for the Yukon Trading Company. (small ironic laugh) I'm supposed to be able to take care of myself. Of all the stupid numb-skulls to fall for a trick like that.

PIERRE:

A trick?

RANDY:

One guy talks to me while another guy comes up behind me and knocks me out. Ah, never mind.

PIERRE:

You will follow these crooks, perhaps?

RANDY:

What would be the use? How can you follow a trail in this slush and mud? No, I'm gonna get back to Dawson as fast as I can and report to the police.

PIERRE:

Uh, monsieur, I am going to Dawson. Is it possible for me to travel with you?

RANDY:

Well, I don't know why not, I don't have any cargo now. Sure, climb on board.

PIERRE:

Merci.

RANDY:

It's a good idea. You can be a witness to what happened.

PIERRE:

Oh, oui. It would be a pleasure. My name is Pierre Renaud.

RANDY:

I'm Randy Clark. (to dogs) Get along there Antonio! Come on we're heading back to town. Alright, mush! Get along.

FX:

DOGS BEGIN, WIND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

It was not until late the following afternoon when Randy and the Frenchman reached Dawson. They stopped at the Yukon Company trading store to pick up Kurt Edgar, the local manager, then drove on to the Northwest Mounted Police Headquarters where Randy told his story to Sergeant Preston. When he had finished....

SGT. PRESTON:

I want to check this description of the man who stopped you Randy. You're sure he was six foot four.

RANDY:

Easy. He was at least two inches taller than I am.

SGT. PRESTON:

And he weighed about 250 pounds.

RANDY:

About.

SGT. PRESTON:

Black beard, nose that had been broken,

RANDY:

Yeah, and a scare along the side of his mouth.

SGT. PRESTON:

I have that. Wearing a black and white parka.

RANDY:

That's right, sergeant.

KURT:

Didn't you see the man that hit you at all?

RANDY:

No, Kurt.

KURT:

If you'd only taken a guard along with you this wouldn't have happened.

RANDY:

Alright, alright.

SGT. PRESTON:

Why didn't you, Randy?

RANDY:

Because I didn't want anybody riding the sled with trail in the condition it is now. I didn't think I'd make it to White Horse with the extra weight.

SGT. PRESTON:

Hum, probably wouldn't have. Oh, ah, now Pierre.

PIERRE:

Ah, oui, Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

You didn't see this man in the black and white parka did you?

PIERRE:

Ah, yes, I did.

SGT. PRESTON:

Oh?

RANDY:

You did?

PIERRE:

Yes, Randy.

RANDY:

Well, why didn't you say something about before? Where? When?

PIERRE:

My friend, I had been hoping you would think better of your plan.

RANDY:

Huh?

PIERRE:

That you would decide not to go through with it...and tell the truth.

RANDY:

Why, I, I have told the truth.

KURT:

Just what are you driving at, Pierre?

PIERRE:

Sergeant,

SGT. PRESTON:

Yes.

PIERRE:

Last night I was coming from the country where I trap, and I hit the trail at Eagle Rock.

SGT. PRESTON:

That's what I understood and you found Randy...

PIERRE:

Wait, as I near the trail I could see two men and two sleds...

RANDY:

Good, you not only saw the man in the black and white parka, but the one who hit me. You can give the Sergeant a description.

PIERRE:

Do you not realize that it is no use to lie anymore?

RANDY:

Lie!?

PIERRE:

There were two men. One big, with a beard, wearing a black and white parka. The other one ... was you, Randy.

RANDY:

But, but, I, I don't get it. If you were there then...

PIERRE:

I was there. I was in the shadow of the rock. But because of what I heard, I did not show myself.

KURT:

What did you hear?

PIERRE:

Randy was saying to the other man, "You have the gold and you know where to take it. We will split later."

RANDY:

What are you talkin' about? You got it all mixed up, I never...

KURT:

Let him finish, Randy.

RANDY:

But you don't see...

KURT:

I'm beginning to see a lot of things. Go on and finish, Pierre.

PIERRE:

Well, Randy said, "It must look like I put up a fight here. You must hit me with the butt of your revolver."

FX:

RANDY JUMPING OUT OF CHAIR, STEPS ON WOOD over to Pierre.

RANDY:

That's a lie, why you dirty little...

PIERRE:

Sergeant, I demand your protection if I am to continue!

SGT. PRESTON:

Take it easy, Randy.

RANDY:

It's crazy.

KURT:

I want to hear the end of this. What happened then, Pierre?

PIERRE:

Well, the big man hit Randy and Randy fell down and the big one drove off with the gold.

SGT. PRESTON:

In which direction?

PIERRE:

To the south.

RANDY:

(frustrated) uuhh, I give up.

PIERRE:

Whether Randy is really knocked out I do not know, but I stayed there and in a little while he opened his eyes. Then he told me a fine story about two men beating him up.

KURT:

And you pretended to believe him?

RANDY:

Kurt, you're not swallowing this story are you?

KURT:

I haven't decided.

PIERRE:

In answer to your question, I pretended to believe. I asked for a ride to Dawson. I thought, "Pierre, you had better keep an eye on this fellow." Randy, I do not believe you are a bad boy. Hah, this is a mistake only. Perhaps if you tell Monsieur Edgar where his gold is he will forgive you.

RANDY:

Why you dirty little rat!

PIERRE:

I am a rat because I tell the truth?

RANDY:

Every word of it's a lie! What are you doin'? tryin' to send me to jail?

PIERRE:

I am hoping you will not have to go there.

KURT:

You don't have to, Randy.

RANDY:

What?

KURT:

You can have your chance. Tell me where the gold is, tell the Sergeant where your partner is and the company would press charges.

RANDY:

I don't know where the gold is, I haven't got any partner. That's a fine thing to talk about, pressing charges. I've been driving for the company ever since it opened up here. And if you don't believe me instead of this half-baked Frenchman.

KURT:

It's because of your record that I'm prepared to be lenient, Randy.

RANDY:

But Kurt, don't you...

KURT:

You can make up your mind. Take it or leave it.

RANDY:

I don't know where the gold is.

KURT:

You better change your mind about that.

RANDY:

How can I?

KURT:

Alright, if that's your last word, arrest him Sergeant.

SGT. PRESTON:

You're sure you want to charge him with robbery only on the basis of Pierre's testimony.

KURT:

Randy gives me no choice.

RANDY:

You can't arrest me.

SGT. PRESTON:

I have to if Kurt insists on it. But it will be a jury that decides whether you're guilty or not.

KURT:

I'm only doing my duty and Sergeant I'm insisting that you do yours.

SGT. PRESTON:

You'll have to swear out a warrant.

KURT:

I will.

RANDY:

Then what happens?

SGT. PRESTON:

I'm sorry, Randy, then you go to jail.

ANNOUNCER:

And it was into the jail the Sergeant brought Karen Edgar to see Randy that evening. Karen, young, beautiful, very much in love with Randy, was Kurt Edgar's niece. Her eyes were troubled but she managed to smile at Randy when she and the Sergeant reached his cell.

KAREN:

Look, darling, I had to come and tell you I don't believe a word of it.

RANDY:

Thanks, dear.

KAREN:

And I don't understand why Kurt should take that Frenchman's word in

preference to yours.

RANDY:

I'm beginning to understand.

SGT. PRESTON:

You are?

RANDY:

Yes. But I...don't want to say anything about it.

KAREN:

Why, Randy, what reason could there be?

RANDY:

You won't like my reason.

KAREN:

Well, I want to hear it anyway.

RANDY:

You know as well as I do that Kurt's in debt.

KAREN:

I know that he's lost money, but he's paid off his debts.

RANDY:

He has:

KAREN:

Yes.

RANDY:

I wonder how? His salary isn't very large.

KAREN:

You're not suggesting that Kurt...

RANDY:

Oh, I don't know what I'm suggesting, I'm not suggesting anything. I, I'm just innocent and that's all there is to it! And when it comes to a jury, well....

KAREN:

They can't convict him can they Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

Well, let's hope not, Karen.

KAREN:

When will his trial come up?

SGT. PRESTON:

Not for a week. The judge is in Forty Mile. In the meantime, I'm going to try and find that man in the black and white parka and the gold.

RANDY:

You think there's any chance, Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

Oh, of course, Randy. If anyone saw him they'd remember him. King and I will start out first thing in the morning.

KAREN:

Oh, please sergeant, please find him.

SGT. PRESTON:

All I can promise is, we'll do our best. There's more than a chance, you see, a week's a long time.

ANNOUNCER:

The man in the black and white parka was nearer than any of the three imagined. His name was Brad Peters and he was sitting in the office of the Yukon trading Company Store with Kurt Edgar and Pierre Renaud.

FX:

WIND BEGINS, FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW

ANNOUNCER:

And it was straight to the store that Karen walked when she left the jail. The door was locked but she had a key.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD TO DOOR, KAREN PUTS KEY IN LOCK, DOOR OPENS

ANNOUNCER:

The store was dark, but she could see a light in her uncle's office. She decided to plead with Kurt, once more, to withdraw his charges against Randy.

FX:

DOOR KNOB

ANNOUNCER:

She tried the door to the office, but found it locked. She was about to knock when she realized there was an argument going on inside.

PIERRE:

(off) Why you so nervous, Brad?

BRAD:

(off) Cuz I want my share of the gold and I want to get outta here.

PIERRE:

Oh, give Kurt a chance to make sure it's all there.

BRAD:

Why should it be all there? If I was going to keep any I'da kept it all.

PIERRE:

You would have found it unwise.

BRAD:

I wanta get outta here.

PIERRE:

You will head straight for the border, I suppose

BRAD:

As fast as I can get there.

PIERRE:

Let me tell you, that is impossible.

BRAD:

Why? You've accused young Clark of the robbery and he's in jail. He'll stay there till his trial comes up.

PIERRE:

Oh, very true, but you are forgetting - the Sergeant has your description. There is nothing we can do about that. Randy saw you even if he didn't see me and the police will be looking for you. We must lie low for a few days. We will find some way to get you out of the country. But you must give us time.

BRAD:

Where can I hide out?

PIERRE:

I have a place.

KURT:

The gold's all here.

PIERRE:

Good. Now we can get down to business.

KURT:

25,000. Now 10,00 goes back in the company safe to make up what I'm short. We split the other 15,000 three ways. Here's your share Brad.

PIERRE:

Now wait a minute.

KURT:

What for?

PIERRE:

I've decided you are being unfair, Kurt.

KURT:

Whadya, mean? That was our agreement.

PIERRE:

Heh, heh, No matter how I reason it, it seems to me that you are getting three times as much as either Brad or me.

KURT:

I'm getting the same.

PIERRE:

15,000 and 5,000? Heh, heh, heh, three times as much.

KURT:

But you know I'm short, I've got to make it up.

PIERRE:

But why out of our pockets? It's your our business if you stole money from the company. It your own business if you want to put it back. I, ah, am prepared to be generous, Kurt, because you planned this thing. You may pay your debt in full. You may have 10,000. The rest goes to Brad and me.

KURT:

Not on your life!

PIERRE:

Why, it is fair, is it not, Brad?

BRAD:

Sure. Pierre's right Kurt.

PIERRE:

And may I remind you that we are two against one?

KURT:

Oh no you're not! Ya see that gun? It evens the odds. You're a smooth talker, Pierre, but you made an agreement and you're going to stick to it. Your share is 5,000.

PIERRE:

Do I understand you correctly, you would shoot me if I disagreed?

KURT:

You got it right. You can have 5,000 or nothing.

PIERRE:

Heh, heh, well in that case I will accept the 5,000.

KURT:

You satisfied, Brad?

FX:

BOX FALLING IN STORE

BRAD:

Hey, what's that?

KURT:

What?

BRAD:

I heard something out in the store.

FX:

MUSIC THEME UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

We'll continue our story in just a moment.

NEWSBOY:

Gee, imagine Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are offering everyone a complete miniature model farm.

YONG GIRL:

Goll--lee, look at those swell models you get right on these new packages.

ANNOUNCER:

Yes kids, anyone can build these exciting models of farm buildings, equipment and animals simply by getting gthese new packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. There are as many as 6 colorful models printed on a single package. And there are eight different packages. In all, 46 detailed scaled models - and they don't cost a single extra penny.

YOUNG GIRL:

Look at all the models you get - just on package number one.

NEWSBOY:

You get the farmhouse, garage and pick-up truck,

YOUNG GIRL:

and milk and hay wagon, Daubin the Horse, Queenie the collie and Bossie the cow!

ANNOUNCER:

What's more, these models are easy to build, too! See, all packages are pre-cut and scored. Assembling is a cinch. No paste or gl;ue is necessary.

BOY:

Oh, boy, look at that big red barn on package number three! It's got a sliding door!

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, the big red barn has a sliding door. Other farm buildings have windows and doors that open and close. And all models stand by themselves.

GIRL:

Gee, what fun you can have with this Quaker Model Farm.

ANNOUNCER:

That's right, Sandra. And best of all anyone can start building these models right away. There's no waiting! Nothing to send in either. No money, box tops or coupons. All you do is get the model farm packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice.

BOY:

Say, wheat and rice shot from guns is my favorite cereal!

GIRL:

Mine too!

ANNOUNCER:

Well, what could be sweller! These wonderful new models now come right on the packages. And remember, there are eight different packages. 46 swell models in all. And mind you, they come only with Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. So get busy! For fun games and excitement, start building your Quaker model farm right away. It couldn't be easier. There's no waiting. Simply go to your grocer and ask for the new packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice.

FX:

MUSIC THEME UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

Now to continue our story.

FX:

BOX FALLING IN STORE

BRAD:

Hey, what's that?

KURT:

What?

BRAD:

I heard something out in the store.

KURT:

There's nobody out there.

BRAD:

I heard a noise.

KURT:

Alright, there's rats.

BRAD:

I'm gonna make sure about that. It didn't sound like rats to me.

ANNOUNCER:

Karen had heard enough. She had started for the front door but she'd stumbled across a packing case and fallen to the floor. And now as Brad threw open the door of the office he saw her scrambling to her feet.

FX:

KAREN'S FEET ON WOOD

BRAD:

It's the girl, she's headed for the front door.

FX:

ADD BRAD'S FEET

BRAD:

Oh, no you don't

FX:

THEY STRUGGLE

KAREN:

The black and white parka!

BRAD:

What?

FX:

STRUGGLE

KAREN:

Let go of me!

BRAD:

You're not getting' out of here. Who is it Kurt?

KURT:

My niece.

KAREN:

Uncle Kurt.

KURT:

Take her into my office.

BRAD:

Come on. How did she get in here?

KURT:

She works here, she has a key.

BRAD:

She heard us talkin.'

KURT:

Oh, maybe not.

KAREN:

I heard enough.!

KURT:

You little fool.

PIERRE:

Little Fool? Oh, no, Kurt, a little beauty.

KURT:

Shut the door!

FX:

STEPS ON WOOD, DOOR CLOSES

KURT:

Sit down, Karen.

KAREN:

All that gold on the desk! That's what was stolen from Randy by that man and Pierre! And you were the one that planned it, Uncle Kurt. How could you!

KURT:

I had to. I owed Tex Clark \$10,000. And I had to pay him if I wanted to stay healthy. I took the money from the company's funds and it had to be put back.

KAREN:

By stealing?

KURT:

No one will ever know that.

KAREN:

Oh, yes, they will. You can't get away with it.

KURT:

Karen, you wouldn't go to the police with what you know, would you?

KAREN:

The first chance I get, Kurt. I love Randy. We're going to be married. Do you think I'll let you send him to jail?

BRAD:

That settles this.

KAREN:

(to Brad) And you! Sergeant Preston has your description and he's going out after you. You won't get away that's for sure.

BRAD:

So, you two gave him my description.

KURT:

Randy gave it to

BRAD:

I'm getting' outta here!

KAREN:

Won't do you any good.

BRAD:

You better make sure this girl doesn't talk!

KURT:

I intend to.

KAREN:

You...you wouldn't...

KURT:

I'll do anything. I have to protect myself.

PIERRE:

Ah, wait. Let me suggest that drastic measures are not necessary yet. I prefer not to be mixed up in them. Let's keep our heads and think calmly. It's only necessary to prevent the girl from interfering with our plans.

KURT:

Well?

PIERRE:

And it's a better idea for Brad to try and hide out for awhile than try to get out of the country.

BRAD:

Now where can I do that? You don't expect me to stay in Dawson?

PIERRE:

No. I have a cabin on the other side of the Yukon. It's hidden in the hills directly across from here. It's the perfect place.

BRAD:

It's dangerous to cross the Yukon now. The ice is rotten. We're almost ready for the breakup.

PIERRE:

There's an ice jam below town that stretches from shore to shore. It is very

solid, like a bridge. You can cross that in perfect safety.

BRAD:

(resigned) Well, I don't kn...okay...tell me where the cabin is. Draw me some kind of a map.

PIERRE:

I'm doing that right now. But, you will not go there alone, Brad.

BRAD:

Well, if you're coming too...

PIERRE:

I did not say that. You will take the girl with you.

KAREN:

Oh, no!

PIERRE:

It is alright with you, Kurt?

KURT:

It's fine with me.

PIERRE:

And you, Brad? She's very pretty. (sneaky laugh)

BRAD:

(snickering) Yeah.

KAREN:

I won't go with him! You can't force me to.

BRAD:

That's where you're wrong sister. You'll do just what I say and like it. I'm not as squeamish as these other two.

PIERRE:

Well, here's the map.

BRAD:

I want my gold.

PIERRE:

Here you are.

FX:

GOLD BAG ON TABLE

BRAD:

Good.

PIERRE:

Get started at once.

KAREN:

I won't go with you!

FX:

STRUGGLE

KAREN:

Oh, oh, my arm!

BRAD:

Behave yourself. And don't open your mouth when we get outside or I'll shut you up with this gun.

FX:

STRUGGLE and TWO FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD TO DOOR.

PIERRE:

We'll keep in touch with you.

BRAD:

See that you do.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

PIERRE:

Why do you look so worried, Kurt?

KURT:

That doesn't settle anything.

PIERRE:

For the time being.

KURT:

If she ever gets free, she'll go straight to the police.

PIERRE:

Of course.

KURT:

Why not get rid of her right now?

PIERRE:

Why not get rid of several people right now?

KURT:

Huh?

PIERRE:

The Northwest Mounted Police always get their man. Brad is not smart enough to evade Sergeant Preston for long. If he's caught it will be too bad for...

KURT:

I know that.

PIERRE:

Then why not get rid of him, too? And Sergeant Preston.

KURT:

Preston?

PIERRE:

All three will die. It will seem to be an accident. Let me tell you my idea, Kurt. It is so simple. And there will be no risk.

ANNOUNCER:

In Sgt. Preston's cabin, King is watching his master pack his saddle bag. He knew that this meant the Sergeant would soon be hitting the trail. It also meant he would not be using the dog team. The great dog whimpered his concern.

KING:

(whimpering)

SGT. PRESTON:

Yes, King, I'll be riding this trip.(laughing) that doesn't mean you'll be left behind. You can come along, fella.

KING:

(barking approval)

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SGT. PRESTON:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

KURT:

Sergeant.

SGT. PRESTON:

Oh, hello, Kurt.

KURT:

Pierre and I just saw the man in the black and white parka.

SGT. PRESTON:

Oh?

PIERRE:

It is true.

SGT. PRESTON:

You mean here in town?

KURT:

Just below town where the ice is all jammed up across the river. He was crossing over to the other bank.

SGT. PRESTON:

I'll go after him.

KURT:

Karen's with him.

SGT. PRESTON:

What?

KURT:

there was a girl with him and I'm sure it's Karen. Naturally, she wouldn't have gone with him willingly, but I can only guess at what might have happened.

PIERRE:

She knew we were looking for this man.

KURT:

She saw him, recognized him, tried to stop him, and...well, I don't know what. I was going after them myself, but Pierre wanted me to come here. That man in the black and white parka is dangerous.

PIERRE:

I am sorry, I want no part in trying to capture him.

SGT. PRESTON:

That's my job. You can trail him, can't you, King?

KING:

(barking)

SGT. PRESTON:

(fading) Yes, boy, come along let's go.

FX:

BARKING and FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD

ANNOUNCER:

Sgt. Preston and King hurried through the town and down to the river where the large ice flows, piled one on top of the other, formed a natural bridge from one side of the Yukon to the other.

FX:

KING PANTING

ANNOUNCER:

They ran across it. On the far side the Sergeant found the fresh tracks left by the man and girl in the melting snow.

SGT. PRESTON:

There they are, King. Moon's bright, we won't have any trouble following them.

FX:

KING BARKS

ANNOUNCER:

The trail led into the low hills west of the river Half an hour later they saw a lamp shining through the window of a small log cabin.

FX:

KING WHIMPERING

ANNOUNCER:

The tracks led directly to the door. The Sergeant did not hesitate.

FX:

KING WHIMPERING

SGT. PRESTON:

Quiet now, boy. I want to take him by surprise.

FX:

QUIET FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD

SGT. PRESTON:

Now!

FX:

DOOR OPENS LOUD

SGT. PRESTON:

Throw up your hands!

BRAD:

What the...!

KAREN:

Sergeant Preston!

BRAD:

I'll kill you!

FX:

2 GUNSHOTS

BRAD:

(hit) ahhh!

SGT. PRESTON:

Nice shooting. Too bad for you it wasn't straight.

BRAD:

Oh, my arm.

KAREN:

He didn't hit you, Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

No, he didn't.

KAREN:

Oh, thank goodness.

SGT. PRESTON:

Well, this fella certainly fits Randy's description.

KAREN:

He's the man that stopped him, alright. His name is Brad Peters.

SGT. PRESTON:

You're under arrest, Peters. (to Karen) Do they have the gold here?

KAREN:

Only his share. Oh, Sergeant, how did you get here?

SGT. PRESTON:

Your uncle saw the two of you crossing the ice and reported it to headquarters.

KAREN:

My, my uncle?

BRAD:

Why that dirty double-crosser!

SGT. PRESTON:

What's that?

KAREN:

Oh, I'll have to tell you Sergeant - Uncle Kurt's just as guilty as this man is. Brad and Pierre were the two who committed the robbery.

SGT. PRESTON:

Pierre, eh?

KAREN:

But it was Kurt who planned the whole thing. The rest of the gold is in his office.

SGT. PRESTON:

How do you know that?

KAREN:

I saw it. And I heard them talking. They caught me listening. Then Pierre and Kurt persuaded him to take me over here and hold me prisoner.

SGT. PRESTON:

Karen, are you willing to testify against your uncle?

KAREN:

Yes, I am. After the way he's treated me and Randy, I don't owe him any loyalty. Even if he...did...help....well, the fact that he sent you after me may mean that he had a change of heart.

SGT. PRESTON:

I doubt that, Karen. It wasn't for your sake he sent me after you.

BRAD:

He wanted to get rid of me. He hoped you'd kill me.

SGT. PRESTON:

There may be even more to it than that. We'll find out soon enough. Sit down, I'll bandage your arm, Peters.

BRAD:

Yeah. (groaning in pain)

SGT. PRESTON:

Then we'll start back to the other side of the river.

ANNOUNCER:

As soon as the arm was bandaged, Karen, the Sergeant and his prisoner headed through the hills once more toward the river. Meanwhile, Kurt and Pierre were preparing to carry out the Frenchman's plan. As soon as the mountie left headquarters, they had gone to the store, picked up blasting powder and a coiled fuse. Their next stop was the middle of the ice bridge spanning the Yukon. They set the charge, connected the fuse and brought the end of it back to the Dawson side of the river. Then, behind the cover of some

rocks they waited.

FX:

WIND BEGINS

PIERRE:

How long has he been gone?

KURT:

Two hours.

PIERRE:

Hum, it is possible that Brad will give him plenty of trouble.

KURT:

Brad's no match for the mountie. But if he doesn't bring him back before dawn, this idea may not work.

PIERRE:

And why not?

KURT:

Somebody might come out from town and see us here.

PIERRE:

Ah, there is still plenty of time. We will be the only witnesses. We will go back to headquarters and report how they were caught in the breakup and sucked away down stream.

KURT:

It's fine as long as they start crossing before dawn. I only wish that...

PIERRE:

You have your wish. Look. The other bank.

KURT:

Where?

PIERRE:

Where I'm pointing. It's the three of them starting across. Light the fuse.

KURT:

But it burns fast.

PIERRE:

Their far enough from shore.

KURT:

Not yet. That's Brad in front isn't it?

PIERRE:

Oui. Mountie's behind helping the girl.

KURT:

Brad's been hurt. He's got his arm in a sling.

PIERRE:

If you'd only light that fuse it will not bother him for long.

KURT:

Okay. There's no chance of their getting back now.

ANNOUNCER:

As the fuse burned towards the charge of blasting powder, Brad, Karen and the Sergeant with King at his master's heels, were nearing the middle of the river.

SGT. PRESTON:

Keep to the left Brad.

BRAD:

There's open water on the downstream side. You want me to fall in?

SGT. PRESTON:

You'll find the going easier...

BRAD:

I'll pick my own trail.

SGT. PRESTON:

All right, Karen?

KAREN:

Yes.

KING:

(Barking excitedly)

ANNOUNCER:

King saw the sputtering light of the fuse traveling toward them across the top of the ice bridge. He barked his concern and the Sergeant looked ahead.

SGT. PRESTON:

Brad, not so fast.

BRAD:

Yeah, what's up? What's the matter now?

SGT. PRESTON:

That fire on the ice, it looks like - it must be a fuse!

KAREN:

A fuse?

SGT. PRESTON:

It must be. Now I'm beginning to understand. Kurt and Pierre have set a trap and we walked right into it.

KAREN:

What do you mean?

SGT. PRESTON:

They've set a charge of dynamite ahead of us. They're going to blow up the ice jam.

BRAD:

That fuse is goin' out.

SGT. PRESTON:

It has not! It's reached the charge! Get down!

FX:

BIG EXPLOSION

ANNOUNCER:

At that moment the fuse reached the blasting powder. The middle of the ice jam was lifted high into the air. And then the whole bridge began to break up. The huge piece of ice the Sergeant and Karen were crossing, started to slide free of the jam into the water.

FX:

WATER RUSHING THROUGH NEXT FEW LINES

KAREN:

Oh, Sergeant.

SGT. PRESTON:

Keep down! Don't try to stand up.

KAREN:

But we're going into the water!

SGT. PRESTON:

It's alright. This ice flow's as good as a raft, it'll hold us.

KAREN:

Where's Brad?

KING:

(barking)

SGT. PRESTON:

He went under. There he is -- holding on to the edge.

BRAD:

Help!

SGT. PRESTON:

I'll give him a hand.

BRAD:

Help! Help me!

SGT. PRESTON:

I've got you. Easy now.

FX:

BODY PULLED FROM WATER

ANNOUNCER:

The Sergeant pulled Brad out of the water and wrapped his own parka around him. The ice flow starting moving downstream along with many others from shore to shore.

KAREN:

Sergeant, you're right, this ice is as good as any raft.

SGT. PRESTON:

Of course.

KAREN:

Couldn't we jump from flow to flow and make it to the bank?

SGT. PRESTON:

Well, you and I could make it. I don't know about Brad.

BRAD:

I'm alright now. Just cold. I'd rather get goin' than freeze to death.

SGT. PRESTON:

Good idea. Won't be long before there'll be a lot of open water between the flows. Let's go, Brad.

ANNOUNCER:

The ice flows, free of the jam, we still so close together that they formed a floating bridge to the shore. Brad started toward it followed by Karen and the

Sergeant and King brought up the rear. On the bank, Kurt and Pierre watched them.

KURT:

Look at that.

PIERRE I can see!

KURT:

They'll get here. And when they do the Sergeant will arrest us. By now Karen's told him all about you and me.

PIERRE:

We must stop them from getting here.

KURT:

How?

PIERRE:

You have a rifle? Use it.

KURT:

And go to jail for murder?

PIERRE:

With all this noise who will hear a shot? If they drown, it will never be found out they were murdered. Quickly, shoot, shoot for the mountie first!

KURT:

I can't get a bead on him here. I have to Move downstream.

PIERRE:

Well do it and fast!

KURT:

Come on!

FX:

WALKING FAST IN SNOW

ANNOUNCER:

King saw the men on the bank first.

KING:

(barking frantically)

FX:

FLOWING WATER CONTINUES

SGT. PRESTON:

What is it, King?

ANNOUNCER:

Even as the Mountie asked the question, he saw a flash of fire.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SGT. PRESTON:

Brad, Karen, get down! They're shooting at us from the bank.

KAREN:

Who's shooting?

SGT. PRESTON:

Get down, Karen.

FX:

FOUR GUNSHOTS

BRAD:

It's Kurt and Pierre the skunks. They don't want us to get to shore.

SGT. PRESTON:

they thought they'd blow us into the water and that didn't work, so now they're using a rifle.

KAREN:

What can we do, Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

Keep down!

KAREN:

For how long? In a few minutes we won't be able to make from one ice flow to another.

SGT. PRESTON:

King? King, boy. Go and get those men. Understand boy?

KING:

(barking)

KAREN:

What can King do Sergeant?

SGT. PRESTON:

He can keep them so busy, Karen< they won't have time to shoot at us. Go on, boy!

KING:

(barking off)

ANNOUNCER:

King was off and away toward the shore. In the moonlight his silvery coat blended with the ice and Kurt and Pierre never saw him. From one ice flow to another he leaped and soon he was scrambling up the bank downstream from Kurt and Pierre. Silently, swiftly, he moved toward them.

FX:

2 GUNSHOTS

ANNOUNCER:

It was the man with the gun he must get. He crouched on the bank above him. Then as the man raised the gun to his shoulder once more he leaped!

FX:

KING ATTACKS KURT

ANNOUNCER:

Kurt was kneeling, but the force of King's charge knocked him to the ground - but he still held on to the rifle and at once King was whirling the hand that held it.

ANNOUNCER:

Pierre picked up a large rock and tried to get close enough to bring it down on King's head. A snarl and he retreated and now he saw a chance to grab the rifle.

ANNOUNCER:

Quickly Pierre reached for the rifle - But before he could raise it to his shoulder King recognized the new danger and Hurlled himself at the Frenchman

ANNOUNCER:

Desperately, Pierre tried to beat off the attack using the rifle as a club. But King was too fast for him and soon he able to do more than protect himself from King's charges. Kurt was shouting...

KURT:

Run! They got to shore! Here comes the mountie!

PIERRE:

I can't run, you dirty beast get off me!

KURT:

I'm getting outta here!

SGT. PRESTON:

No you're not, Kurt! Make a move and I'll shoot to kill!

KURT:

Stop, I got My hands up!

PIERRE:

Call this dog off!

SGT. PRESTON:

Drop that rifle!

PIERRE:

Call him off and I will!

SGT. PRESTON:

Alright, King. Alright, boy. Easy now, I've got him covered. I'll take that rifle, Pierre. You and Kurt are under arrest in the name of the Queen.

BRAD:

For attempted murder you polecats. I'm gonna do all I can to send you to jail for the rest of your lives.

SGT. PRESTON:

You'll get a chance to give evidence for the crown, Brad, and it might lighten your own sentence a little - but right know all of you are going to jail. Move along. Come on, Karen. Watch 'em, King.

KING:

(growling)

ANNOUNCER:

An hour later, Randy had been freed and he found Karen waiting for him in the Sergeant's office.

RANDY:

Darling.

KAREN:

Oh, Randy.

RANDY:

You're alright?

KAREN:

I'm, fine.

RANDY:

Don't feel too badly about Kurt.

KAREN:

No, I don't. Somehow he seems like a stranger. I never knew the man who could do the things he's done tonight. Hold me close, Randy.

RANDY:

I sure will.

KAREN:

It's only you and I now.

RANDY:

That's plenty good enough for me.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD

SGT. PRESTON:

Oh, uh, I beg your pardon. Well, looks to me, King, like this case is closed.

KING:

(barks)

FX:

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER:

You got a pencil handy? Then right this down now, write down --"Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice." Yes, remember the name, "Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice." These famous breakfast cereals, shot from guns, now offer you - right on the packages - a complete model farm at no extra cost. There are eight different special new packages. And you get as many as six keen new scale models of farm buildings and animals on a single package. 46 different swell models in all. So go to your grocer pronto. Ask for special new packages of delicious Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. Start building your Quaker model farm right away - without wasting another day!

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